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Reading Room

A religious and family paper

Volume LIII. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 15, 1903 Number 3.

Needed Blessings.

WE ASK not that our path be always bright,
But for Thy aid to walk therein aright,
That Thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days
Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
Of thankfulness and praise.

—William H. Burleigh.

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"Well, my boy," said the teacher, "don't you know that you are working for a hard master now? Every one who is living in sin is serving Satan. Jesus offers you a place in his service, asks you to work for him, offers to make you one of his family. Will you take him for your Master?"—Selected.

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FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, January 15, 1903

Booker T. Washington and His People.

The people of San Francisco and vicinity have had opportunity during the last week of hearing one of the most eminent of American citizens. Correctly, eminence is measured by achievement; and Booker T. Washington, the man whom thousands have listened to with interest during the last few days, has achieved much for his race, and consequently for this great nation; for it seems evident now that side by side here in America the white man and the black man are to have part in the bringing in for the world of a better civilization. This is the native land of millions of the colored men of today, and they and their ancestors have had part in making this country what it now is. Down from the days of the revolution the black man has given himself to this country in every need and emergency. At the battle of Bunker Hill the greatest loss came to the British forces in the death of Major Pitcairn, who fell at the hands of a negro soldier; and such were the services of colored men in that memorable battle that the attention of the Continental Congress was called to them by a memorial signed by fourteen American officers. In many other battles of the revolution the negroes fought bravely for the triumph of the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and in the war of 1812 one of the high encomiums received by them for their valor came from the great naval hero, Commodore Perry. In our civil war nearly 200,000 were enlisted; they participated in 449 battles and left 38,847 of their number on the field among the killed, wounded, and missing. It has been said by one who has followed closely the military achievements in the West since the civil war on those great plains which figure today so magnificently in our wonderful industrial prosperity, that their exploits in the Indians wars make up a record of which any race might well be proud, and that the civilization of those prairie and mountain states is due largely to their heroism. In the late war with Spain, in the interests of the oppressed Cubans, the Negroes, by almost inestimable services, further added to their laurels as citizens of the Republic. There is every reason for the claim that they saved the day at San Juan and that if it had not been for the tenth cavalry the Rough Riders would have been exterminated. Nothing more heroic can be found in our military annals than that charge by the colored troops at San Juan after the seventy-first New York regiment had been demoralized and stampeded. Colonels and captains, lieutenants and sergeants fell bleeding, one after another, from the ranks; but others stepped up to take their places, and onward swept the whole line to victory.

But not only on the battle field, in the days of the nation's great need, has the negro distinguished himself and honored the land in which he lives, but in the every day walks of life thousands have acquitted themselves most creditably. Frederick Douglass as an orator, Dunbar as a poet and Tanner as an artist have shown themselves worthy the best that the American birthright guarantees. And Booker T. Washington—what, further, can be said of him? Born in a floorless log-cabin in Virginia in the days of slavery, hearing one day in his youth in the mining town of West Virginia of Hampton Institute for colored boys, he worked his way over the mountains and across the country for five-hundred miles and under the influence of that prince among men, General Armstrong, received that training and inspiration which sent him forth later to that great work for his people, at Tuskegee, which is steadily lifting them up out of the bondage of ignorance and superstition and making them men and wommen by the thousands who are doing well and nobly their part in the different lines of the world's work. What wonder that, when a few years ago he went one day from Tuskegee to Atlanta to give an address at the exposition as a representative of the Negro race, and told of the progress and hopes of his people, the audience room was white with waving handkerchiefs and tossing hats, and that the fairest women and most stalwart men of Georgia arose and cheered him! It was oratory re-enforced by high achievement for his people and for the nation, and it scored only a worthy victory. The years since then have shown more widely and more plainly the great work that he is doing in the education of his people industrially, and it was accordingly but natural that nearly ten thousand people should greet him in Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco last week and applaud him heartily from time to time as he told in a modest but impressive manner of the work at Tuskegee and the needs of the people for whose uplifting

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he has given himself. It was but natural that he should be asked to tell his story from prominent pulpits on Sunday, in great educational institutions during the week, and that everywhere the most elect should delight to meet and honor him. Merit wins. Service crowns. Largely it is through Booker T. Washington that the black man is being brought to realize that his place in the American Republic will be what he himself makes it—that ability and character will win for him as well as for others. Weighted with profound truth is his utterance: "Freedom cannot be a bequest; it is a conquest." It is this truth that he is heroically endeavoring to impress upon the minds of his race; and, that if they would attain to success in life and recognition among men, they must begin down and work up.

As to the future of his race, Booker T. Washington is plainly an optimist. He believes that under the divine direction their destiny is to be worked out here in America; that they are not going to Africa, nor to the Philippines. That he sees dangers ahead is evident when he says: "No race can go on cherishing hatred and ill-will against another without being narrowed and dragged down." And so he says to his own people: "If others will be mean we must be good; if others will push us down we must try to push them up."

If there are any of our readers who are inclined to look with disdain on the Negro, to pride themselves as his superiors, and to give support to the determination manifested in some quarters to have the country forever ruled by the white race without let or hindrance of the Negro, let such remember that the nation paid the penalty of her two hundred and fifty years of Negro bondage by the pouring out on hundreds of battlefields of the blood of her citizens; and that for every sin there is a penalty. The Negro can afford to be wronged; the white man cannot afford to wrong him. And in judging him today, if we would be just, we cannot fail to give heed to Mr. Washington's plea: "Judge us by our highest types. You judge the Englishman by Gladstone, you judge the German by Bismarck; judge us after the same manner." In what a few are today, so soon after centuries of bondage, we have an earnest of what many shall sometime be.

A Movement of Special Importance.

There is a probability that the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, Moderator of the National Council, and the Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis, the President of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, will come to the Pacific Coast in April and will hold a series of meetings in Congregational centers in the interests of the Congregational work. Among addresses to be given by them will be one on "The Need and the Condition of a Spiritual Renewal." Next Monday the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be devoted to a consideration of this matter. The plan is to have these brethren in Los Angeles, in San Francisco and Oakland, in Portland and Seattle, and perhaps in other cities in the interests of a forward movement in Christian work. At the meeting last Monday a committee was appointed to consider this important matter and to report as to ways and means for its accomplishment. Attendance on the part of all ministers is requested and urged. Steps are being taken in Southern California to assure this tour, also in Portland and Seattle. Our co-operation is essential. Prompt action will bring these brethren to our Coast for a series of meetings, which will end with the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress in Seattle, May 8th to the 17th. The meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday, at which this matter will be cosidered, will be given entirely to it and to prayer. No one having the interests of the kingdom at heart should allow anything that is not of surpassing importance to keep him away. Let us see to it that this proposed visit is assured, and then let the preparations for the reaping of the highest benefits therefrom go on in all the churches until its consummation.

The Rev. Dr. E. W. Work, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Berkeley, read a valuable paper at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers on the subject, "Illuminative Methods With the Bible." Illumination, he said, is no more than letting the light that is in the Scriptures shine out. There was shown to be a need of the study of those methods, which would put the material of Scripture into the minds and hearts of the people. A difference as drawn between the preaching preacher and a teaching preacher, and the high value of the latter was emphasized.

Sunday evening at the First Congregational church in Oakland, after the address by Booker T. Washington, a collection of $972 was taken for Tuskegee Institute. The collection at Mechanics' Pavilion in this city was $641. This looks as if church people were better givers to such work than club people, though it is not easy to draw any line of demarkation. At the time the collection was taken at the Pavilion, a large number of the people had gone home, but those present at that time must have numbered three times as many as the church will hold.

At the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, there was unanimous indorsement of the "Indeterminate Sentence" bill, which is now before the legislature at Sacramento. We understand that the bill was drafted by Chaplain Drahms, of San Quentin, who has in this week's Pacific an article on the "American Prison System," which will be found well worth reading.

Copies of the second annual address of the Moderator of the National Council of Congregational churches, Rev. Armory H. Bradford, D.D., may be obtained from the Congregational book store in Boston or Chicago, as follows: Single copies, 10 cents, postpaid; $1 per dozen; $5 a hundred.

The American Prison System.

By Chaplain A. Drahms.

The tendency toward advance thought in matters of penological and prison reform has taken deep root in the public mind during the past decade resulting, in the United States, under the leadership of such men as General Brinkenhoff, Z. R. Brockway, ex-President Hayes, Hon. Eugene Smith, Mr. Boies of Pennsylvania, and others, in a distinctively modern system of prison detention known in its entirety as "The American Prison System." A brief analysis and summary is necessary to a proper understanding of so important a movement as that which involves the direct moral interest of so large a proportion as the criminal population of the United State, and indirectly, the welfare of a much larger community at a cost aggregating the enormous total of no less than $600,000,000 per annum —a sum equal to the total appropriation of the last Congress for the support of the United States government for one year. The four essential elements of this system are: The Indeterminate Sentence, the Classification and Gradation of Prisoners; Marks and Credits, and the Parole. Three of these are taken from the so-called Irish System. The first, or Indeterminate Sentence, is peculiarly American, and stands related to the organic law of the land by which the offender is brought to justice and sentenced, not under a time law, but as the term indicates, under an indefinite sentence, leaving the matter of continuance to be determined thereafter by a properly constituted Board of Parole, under a conditional release. A moment's consideration will be sufficient to demonstrate the superiority of the indeterminate over the conventional form of sentence. Under the latter punishment is parceled out without much regard to the character of the offender, but according to the degree of the crime itself, thus excluding the personality from the consideration and making punishment depend mainly upon the disposition of the Court at the time of passing sentence within the maximum and minimum limitations affixed by law for that particular offense. It is seen at a glance that this takes but slight cognizance of the personnel of offender and is based upon but superficial knowledge of his relative qualifications either to lead a law-abiding life or to profit withal by his punishment, and is not infrequently an injustice by comparison with sentence inflicted upon other offenders convicted of similar offenses, with, perhaps, greater degree of culpability, thus laying the law itself open to criticism as working almost as great a wrong as it essays to punish. Such a mode of sentencing is founded upon the character of the act rather than that of the actor, and to that extent falls short of the modern idea as to the ultimate end of punishment, from which the retributive element has been largely eliminated to give place to the more rational idea of reformation and cure. With this latter conception all purely retaliatory punishment is entirely derogatory, if not actually inconsistent, tending to aggravate rather than ameliorate the evil. In contradistinction to all this, the indeterminate method of treating the recalcitrant is based upon more scientific ground, involving primarily, the character of the offender rather than of the impersonal act. The former being the sole responsible factor involved becomes the subject of correction, which can no more be predicated in advance by any actual fixing of a definite limitation of sentence than the restoration to health of an insane person can be guaranteed beforehand by limitation of time. All rational scientific criminal authorities agree that the sentencing of the one to a definite and fixed term is no more reasonable on any theory of either comparative justice or probable cure in the one case than in that of the other, the test being in either not one of limitation of time, but of reasonable evidence to the satisfaction of a quasi judicial board, especially constituted for that purpose, having ample facilities after a fair trial and full test to determine the relative qualification and fitness of such moral delinquent to return to society as a law-abiding and self-respecting citizen.

Logically, then, it is well held that a sentence of imprisonment, which is absolutely indeterminate as to duration, is the only defensible one. It is a true safeguard to society, and for that matter to the criminal himself. It is rational because it takes the responsibility of determining the degree of culpability of the criminal from a tribunal that can in the nature of the case have but limited knowledge of the character of the offender, and relegates it to one which, by past experience and present knowledge, as well as close personal contact and observation of the culprit himself is best able to determine the relative degree of punishment, its curative effects upon the subject, and, lastly, his ultimate fitness to return to society after due expiation of the offense. Its economic feature is equally manifest. The value of the average spoliation of the professional criminal is estimated at $1,600 per annum per capita (which, however, does not represent really half the loss sustained) on fair estimate. The cost of conviction and transportation, as estimated from our own prison data (Report of 1900), is stated at $641,650, or, at the rate of $4.60 per capita. Giving to the professional criminal a period of five years, his spoliation, together with cost of conviction, aggregates for that period $8,460. As it costs less than 40 cents per capita per diem to keep him in prison, it follows that as an economic proposition it is cheaper to detain the professional criminal permanently, or at least under an indeterminate sentence until such time as he gives satisfactory evidence of his ability to return as a useful and productive factor to society, than it does to sentence him temporarily under a senseless and irrelative time limit. But it has been objected that the Indeterminate Sentence has its imperfections that so much power in the hands of an independent board is liable to abuse by reason of possible leniency. But not so. The statistics of the Indiana penitentiaries, where it has been tested, show that under the definite system of sentencing, thirty-two per cent of the prisoners were released on the average where, under the Indeterminate method but nineteen per cent found their way to freedom in the same period.

It is the ideal system of sentencing, and has been adopted with signal success in the leading States in the Union, and is rapidly gaining the confidence of courts and legal minds as well as the favor of the community everywhere, and is destined ere long to become the law of the land.

The Classification of Prisoners and the System of Marks and Credits as applied to those in detention is purely a matter of detail of administration, and depends for its effectiveness, as well as general scope, upon the ability, knowledge and sympathetic interest of the general management and executive function of the prison itself. They are neither new nor experimental, but are more or less in use in the prison system of all civilized countries, both in Europe and America, except upon this Coast. The first cellular prison in the world, except the prison for boys, founded by Pope Cle-

ment the XI at Rome in 1704, was constructed at Ghent immediately preceding the American Revolution, followed by those at Auburn, N. Y., and at Philadelphia, with its perfection at Elmira, N. Y. The conventional plan in California is the Congregate System. Under it all classes and conditions of men, irrespective of color, mental, or moral qualifications, age, degrees of crime, or otherwise, are indiscriminately herded together by day and celled together at night. Here, of course, no attempt at anything like classification is possible, or is even attempted. It is unnecessary to comment upon the vicious and contaminating influence of such a system. The youthful offender and the one guilty of his first crime are alike brought into intimate contact by day and by night, with the most hardened habitue and professional criminal. The character of the latter is set. He is usually of the formative type. The pronounced criminal is decidedly self-assertive. The less-hardened is of the more conformative nature. He is impressionable. The latter is bound to receive the moral impress of the former. It is the law of life on the side of its degenerative as well as of its progressive influences. But few come out of the stress and strain of prison life with all its intensely retrogressive moral impact the better for it. Many, perhaps, the greater number, receive the sure impress of its moral retrogressiveness. The system is a crime against criminals, and the State that harbors it is criminis particeps. Society is to this extent, at least, responsible for its own criminals. The Congregate system is sure to turn out its regular monthly quota of manufactured criminals, a larger proportion of whom have received their moral impress and real initiative to crime within the prison itself. It is the fault of the system, traceable logically to the lack of public interest.

The method of Classification and Gradation above referred to is the corrective for all this and properly the only scientific theory of prison detention and reform. Under it the professional and hardened criminal and the novice are kept separate and distinct, the vicious is segregated from the less depraved and more susceptible, while age, crime, mental and moral conditions are all considered in the segregation and classification of the subject into grades to which they severally belong and to which they may be accredited by expressed conduct. This gives opportunity and play to the moral faculties and presents, through a properly arranged method of Marks and Credits, all the inducements possible to attend reformation. Thus three grades are usually instituted in all well-regulated prisons under the Classification system, viz.: the First Grade, the Second or Intermediary Grade, and the Third, or lowest, Grade. The First has special privileges not accorded to any of the others; the members wear a neat suit of gray, are alone eligible to parole, and form the class from which trusties are chosen. The Second have less privileges, wear a suit of coarse gray, with stripes running up and down, while the Third or lowest Grade enjoy no privileges whatever, and wear a suit of similar quality, with stripes running "around." The newcomer is relegated to the Second Grade, with the privilege of "rising or falling" in the gradation, thus placing his fate in his own hands, upon the basis of conduct and labor.

This, upon the scientific ground that action is conducive to habit, habit forms conduct, conduct begets character, and character is the man. It thus places before the prisoner the only rational groundwork for rehabilitated manhood, all within the range of his own possible attainment. Such, in brief, is presented the scope and outline of the modern system of prison detention adopted by many of the leading States of the Union and rapidly becoming the ideal of modern practical penology, based upon the rational principles and possessing for the social offender the sole germ of possible reformation and restoration to social standing and usefulness. Its adoption in an ordinary prison hitherto conducted under the congregate plan is perfectly feasible, being but a matter largely of simple administrative detail, backed by an organic law that contemplates the segregation of the more pronounced criminal element in a prison by themselves while the less accentuated offenders serving their first terms are relegated to a prison by themselves wherein the application of the above principles may be tentatively applied by becoming the fixed custom of the institution.

I believe such a system feasible and practicable in the prisons of California with its two prisons, and with but slight present alterations and with such further prospective enlargement as provisions may be made therefor from time to time under future legislative appropriation.

San Quentin, Cal.

Mrs. Fairfield's Second Chance.

BY LILY M. ALLEN, OF PASADENA.

[Read at the General Association of Southern California at Ventura, October 14, 1902.]

It is not uncommon to hear a mother well along in life say, "How differently I should bring up my children, if with my present experience I could only live my life over again!"

Well, once upon a time there was a woman who was given a second chance, an opportunity to live her life over again, and she at once resolved that the past mistakes should be as red signal lights, warning her of danger.

First of all, knowing that it is a most difficult matter to train a child rightly who is not strong and sound of body and mind, she strove for the firm foundation of good health. She remembered the old days of dainty clothing and careful warnings not to get dirty and this time she turned the little folks out barefoot, clothing them simply and plainly and encouraging them to romp all they desired.

This treatment, with plenty of plain food, restricted almost entirely to meal times, and with an early bedtime hour, giving opportunity for long hours of "beauty sleep," gave Mrs. Fairfield an abundance of healthy, happy material for the beautiful structures of character that were to be built. But she did not leave the more important work of mind and soul-training to wait, until the training of the body was completed.

Beginning as soon as the babies could understand anything, she carefully educated them to truthfulness and obedience. Not that there was any strenuous endeavor to develop them along these lines. Their cranial bumps were not expanded by any forcing process, nor were the tots themselves aware of any designs upon them; but the even tenor of every-day life led naturally toward the desired end.

The older members of the family were careful always to keep their word with the children, and never even in joke or fun, to tell them an untruth.

True, Mrs. Fairfield sometimes told them nonsense stories, being careful always to make sure that the children understood them as such.

But she never told Robbie that the policeman

would get him if he wasn't good, or that the ball she had tucked under her apron was somewhere else, or that she was going to give baby sister away to Mrs. Brown, who loved babies so, or, worst of all, that God didn't love him when he was naughty.

And the children learned that on their part truthfulness was always expected. Remembering how, during the era of the First Chance a little wrong-doer had often told a lie to shield himself from punishment, Mrs. Fairchild gently encouraged the children to tell her all about their misdeeds, deeming the truthful recital a more important matter than the punishment, the fear of which might tempt to decention.

Indeed, Mrs. Fairfield found that very few punishments were necessary where words and actions were clear as crystal because of the spirit of truthfulness and obedience in the home. She seldom threatened to punish, but if she had given warning she never failed to live up to it.

If baby in her high chair at the table made a fuss over her dinner or cried for some dainty denied her, she found herself gently and quietly deposited upon the floor in the next room, all by herself, and it was astonishing how quickly she learned to control her tears and come back to her place to accept the inevitable. From the first no compromises were made and the case was never argued back and forth between mother and child, the latter finding that obedience was merely taken for granted.

If he did not choose to do the thing required, some unpleasant alternative in the shape of a disagreeable task or the deprivation of a pleasure would be quietly offered him, and he was left to his own choice. So it usually proved that the path of duty was the pleasantest, and it didn't take the young Fairfields long to discover that it was of no use to tease, for their mother was unyielding as a stone wall, and at the same time placid as a lake beneath a summer sky.

On her part, she sometimes met the stone-wall quality in them, too. She remembered how she sometimes used to find herself, saying, hastily, "Gertrude, give your book to brother to look at," or "Go and pick up your blocks, Robbie," and unexpectedly encountering such a barrier of obstinacy that she inwardly groaned, "Oh, why did I put it that way? Now I'll have to stick to it."

This time she worded her request differently. "Gertrude, wouldn't you like to let brother look at your book?" or, "Robbie, don't you want to help mamma by picking up your blocks?" and she found the child far more likely to grant the request, besides giving herself the advantage of avoiding the issue if the child were not in a gracious humor.

Indeed, she found the policy of granting a little leeway a most advantageous one in securing cheerful obedience. Giving the child a moment's notice, or three minutes, or five, to finish his play or task before setting him at something else; thinking ahead enough to let him enjoy the prospect of one, or two, or three more nuts or pieces of candy instead of pulling him up sharp on the last one; this let him down easily and satisfactorily to all concerned.

Mrs. Fairfield also recalled how often she had needlessly said, "No," during the era of the First Chance. This time she said it only when she felt obliged to do so, and she was surprised to find how seldom it was necessary, and how much self-reliance the greater liberty gave the children.

"May we climb the pepper-tree?" "May we use the ladder for a bridge—low down, of course?" "May we have some of the dough to make dough balls?" "May we cut out pictures and make flour paste?" and similar requests, when met——after a hesitating pause to think of possible consequences—with a hearty, "Yes, my dears!" gave such joy as to cause the little mendicants to bubble over with: "Oh, you nice mamma!" "You're just the million times nicest mamma in this world!" and compliments of a similar nature, intended to be perfectly sincere and truthful.

Another danger signal of the first experience was the remembrance of conflicting authorites, when father and mother differed in the presence of the children as to their government. "It will never do this time," said Mrs. Fairfield, and though there were evening conferences while the children slept, when father and mother came to common ground on some debatable question, the children never knew but that father's will in regard to them was mother's, and mother's, father's, and there was no appeal from one to the other.

It was this quiet, even home rule that made quarrels so rare and life so peaceful in the Fairfield family—a yoke so velvety and a rule so invisible that you wouldn't have realized that there was a yoke and a rule.

The smooth-running wheels of the home life were further lubricated by the resolution Mrs. Fairfield had made that she would say, "Forgive me," to her children whenever she found herself in the wrong. To her surprise, the child thus importuned never admitted that there was anything to forgive. "You were so tired, mamma," or "I expect we give you so much to bear," was always the extenuating circumstance.

Another help in keeping the domestic machinery free from jars and jolts was a custom Mrs. Fairfield inaugurated in order that the young Fairfields might have the pleasure of giving something of their own to benevolences.

If there had been no cross word or naughty deed during the day, the child was entitled to a penny for gift money. At the end of the week, if there were no "spoilt" days, each had seven cents to be divided among church, Sunday-school and general benevolences. This plan had the advantage of "lighting two candles with one match," the children being trained to self-control in word and deed, and also having the satisfaction of being philanthropic financiers.

They had also another fund for their own personal use, earned by themselves by doing certain tasks, for which they were paid. Of course, aside from these "salaried" offices, which they had the choice of declining, if they wished, each had his regular share in the every-day home work.

It was through handling and expending these two funds and keeping a careful account thereof that they learned to appreciate the value of money.

The question of companionship with her children was one which caused Mrs. Fairfield some perplexity.

Feeling that the most effective way to prove her love for them was to enter into their lives and to keep step with them. She had said, "I will live with my children; I will not miss the blessing of companionship with them this time." But she had not forgotten how pressing were the claims that the church, the clubs, and society had made upon her during the era of the First Chance, and how she had once gone to the other extreme and shut herself away from them all, only to find herself growing morbid, easily irritated with small things—more concerned with the breaking of a dish than with the burning of a city.

So this time she concluded to keep just two windows open to the outside world—the one for her own particular corner of church work, knowing that the church needs the mothers and the mothers need the church for their children's sakes as well as their own—and the other a Mothers' Club, which she knew would help her in her work.

If friends urged upon her the value of other clubs and societies for the sake of recreation or improvement, she would reply, "These things are recreation for me—they bring me into touch with other people, they furnish a different atmosphere from that of the home; they provide diversion of thought and opportunity for intellectual development. And I feel that what leisure I have should be devoted to something that is not only beneficial to myself, but helpful to others as well."

But these outside interests were always kept secondary to those at home, and Mrs. Fairfield never left the children if they needed her, nor did she ever leave them unprovided for in the way of suitable entertainment during her absence. It may be added that, as the children grew older, she found leisure for other outside interests, adding them slowly and cautiously. She had discovered, however, that companionship with them meant more than simply being about the house and watching them occasionally at their play. She devoted generous portions of their vacations to reading with them, giving them delightful, long summer afternoons to remember.

She contrived to set apart a particular evening a week to play games with them, entering with hearty zest into their favorite pastimes. She planned little picnics and treats and birthday surprises for them, and helped them plan like enjoyments for each other, keeping their pleasures always simple and sweet that they might not wear out the world too soon, and that they might learn wholesome lessons of contentment.

All these happy occasions were glorified and doubled as to their joy by the presence and participation of Father Fairfield, who was the gayest boy of the party and the constant "chum" of his children. It was he who made the ping-pong game and laid out the new tennis court in the weary season after working hours were over, who flew the new kite and went on bicycle rides—sometimes by moonlight—with his little daughters, and helped them with their flower-beds and their lessons, who shared his business secrets with his elder son, and who was never too weary or too deeply absorbed in his newspaper to listen patiently to their plans or discussions. And it was he who took the little son away to pray with him and reason with him—oh, so lovingly!—when he was naughty.

Mother Fairfield always said it was no credit to her that their children were so happy and truthful and obedient. It was only by the happy providence of their having a father who was interested in all that pertained to them, who, though a busy man, toiling every day for the daily bread, yet found time to enter into all their small joys and sorrows.

But Mrs. Fairfield found that on her part, companionship with the children meant even more than living with them during her comparatively short hours of leisure. It was a busy home, and there was always sewing and scrubbing, or baking, or something to be done, and it was so hard not to be abstracted during these periods of diligence.

If Robbie came in and asked, "Mamma, if you planted seeds in your hair an' kep' it wet all the time wouldn't the seeds grow?" It was so easy to answer at random in a dreamy way, "Yes; I guess so." Or if asked, "If you 'tached a hose to a hydrant at each end, an' then turned the water on at both hydrants, what would it do, mamma?" to say, "I don't know," in such a faraway tone that the child knew she hadn't heard a word he said, instead of looking him straight in the eyes and saying, thoughtfully, "I don't know, Robbie." Of course there were many times when her work required all her attention, but she found the children always ready to yield their claims if she told them she needed to think of her work now, and they might save up their questions until supper time.

She hit upon an easy method of meeting many of Robbie's questions by turning them back upon himself, which method led to the happy result of making him think, so that she was safe for the time from further questionings, even if his logic did not always lead to the conclusion expected.

And speaking of questionings, Mrs. Fairfield found the art of asking questions herself an invaluable aid in winning and keeping the children's confidence. It had been one of the mistakes of her first experience to sit down at the bedtime hour with the question, "Well, what have you been doing today?" Of course, the answer was just as general as the question—"Oh, lots of things"—and she had gone away baffled and dissatisfied. But this time she made a study of the art, and spent much time while sewing or dishwashing, in planning the question campaign. Now she was ready to begin with, "What have you enjoyed most of anything today?" "What did you play at recess?" "Whom did you play with?" "Was he a good playmate?" "Why?" "What opportunities have you had to help anybody?" "Have you seen any one else doing a kindness?" "Have there been any unpleasant things?"

Such questionings open the doors of remembrance and bring out just what the mother wishes to know, as they lead on to revelations of the child in his play life.

It requires much wisdom and skill in questioning to find out certain things without letting the child know that you wish to know them, and it takes a very adroit questioner indeed to question where there has been a suspicion of evil without giving a suggestion where none was before; just as it requires a most delicate tact to keep watch of a child without letting him know that you are watching him.

There is need in these days, when parents often do not know where their children are, of combining old-fashioned oversight with new-fashioned companionship.

When her boys and girls were grown to manhood and womanhood, Mrs. Fairfield declared that she could not wish to live those years over again unless it were to know again the joy of the abundant living, filling each day full as it came and went.

But the real secret of the success of the era of the Second Chance lay deeper than mere theory or determination or system. It lay in the fact that the parents had knelt together one memorable evening and committed themselves, their home, their children, their all, to God, putting themselves and their future into his hands, to hold and to keep; and it was the pervasive influence of his indwelling Spirit that kept the home atmosphere serene and sweet and helpful.

Not only was there the family altar, founded long ago on the wedding day, and the blessing at the table, led usually by the father, but occasionally by one of the children, and sometimes all uniting in concert in some appropriate stanza—but the family frequently

held a little prayer-meeting together, uniting their petitions from the father's down to the little child's, who could only lisp a simple prayer in baby fashion.

Upon these occasions, definiteness and simplicity were the things specially sought after, each thinking out the thing he wished especially to ask for beforehand. Sometimes it would be for a blessing upon some missionary friend whom the children knew; sometimes for a friend or neighbor in special need, or a particular meeting of the church or a Sunday-school class. Perfect naturalness was encouraged in speaking of spiritual things, that the Christian life might seem not only easy to live, but easy to speak about. When the children came to the place where they asked such questions as, "Do you think I'm a Christian, mamma?" or, "Shall I be a Christian when I am old enough?" they were lead along the path of their own questionings, to give themselves then, simply and definitely, to Christ; and no one could have persuaded them afterward that they did not belong to him. Thus it came about that they all became Christians in early childhood and voluntarily sought admission to the church. Their parents were not surprised; it was just what they expected.

I have spoken of their being trained to expression rather than repression, in regard to sacred things. It was so also with their love for each other. They were encouraged to show their affection as they grew older. The babies have love poured out upon them in a flood, even by those trained to a lifetime of repression, but as they grow into boyhood and girlhood, so hidden often is the fountain of affection that its presence can be detected only by the verdure of kindly deeds and watchful care, pleasant and fragrant to be sure, but lacking the life and sparkle and refreshment of the open fountain, and altogether unsatisfying to the thirsty soul.

Of course the young Fairfields went to church as soon as they were old enough to sit still, and it was a sight worth seeing, when the father and mother, and all the young folks came down the aisle and quietly took their places near the front, so that the children might see what was going on and enjoy all the service better. The white-haired pastor had once remarked that he hardly knew how he could preach without Robbie's big eyes helping him through the sermon.

Sunday afternoons were times of special privilege, when the family sang together and studied the next Sunday's lesson and asked Bible questions, and read or told missionary stories, closing with the little prayer service of which I have spoken. It took some resolution to give up the seductive pleasures of a nap or a lazy reading time, but by having a definite hour for this general exercise, and assigning the dinner dishwashing to different members of the family each time, two by two, even Father Fairfield donning the apron to work with nine-year-old Katharine, and fifteen-year-old Raymond polishing the glasses for little Gertrude, even the nap and the reading became a possibility for those not on duty. And now, have I painted this crude little picture of a Christian home in colors too bright to be true to nature? I think not.

My little plot, of course, is impossible, but with all the helps we have in these days for training our children, we do not need to live our lives over again to make them measure up to their full capacity.

I remember a dear missionary's family whom I used to visit in my school-days, whose home I have held in memory for years as a model for my own, because it had just such a restful, wholesome spiritual atmosphere about it—an atmosphere in which little children seemed to unfold into the kingdom of Christ without requiring to be torn up by the roots and transplanted in after years to the spot where the Gardener wishes them to be.

But one parent cannot make such a home alone. Nor can both, if their lives are filled with the things of this world. It means consecration, determination, eternal vigilance, which is the price of some other things besides liberty, wisdom, faith, love "and the greatest of these is love."

Pasadena, Cal.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Phillips Brooks' Gracious Triumph.

I have been enjoying the tributes paid by loving friends to the great and good Boston preacher..

I write this as preparatory to a thought which others have been giving me and which the wonderful harmony in the good will shown to Phillips Brooks illustrates freshly. I heard him speak but once. It was at an Abbott Academy anniversary in old Andover, Mass. I had no possible repugnance to him, but did not then come under any considerable personal magnetism whatever. Unquestionably he grew in grace and power after that. One cannot read the splendid story of his life without wishing it had been their happy lot to hear him often. I sorrow for any live man of the last half century who failed to be moved by Beecher. And I sorrow in a Christian way that my poor life has not had completion from the splendid personal fulness of the glorious churchman who was so much greater than his church. Let any sincere man who is downhearted by failure, read for his comfort how the brilliant Boston man, graduate of proud Harvard, failed miserably in trying to keep order among forty young Boston school boys, and was snowballed, shotted and guyed in disgrace out of his schoolroom, literally "ground to powder," as one biographer says.

But it did not sour him. He humbly and faithfully studied to become a minister, i. e., a servant for his fellowmen; practiced what he preached; grew in the most growing work immortal man can find, and won a fadeless crown. It was a triumph of grace. Let every happy owner of a Brooks' Memorial Congregationalist, pass the paper about among his brethren, and every pastoral seeker for new baptisms of power, seek to buy or borrow the beautiful paper. The point of this acorn is not admiration for Episcopacy. Neither is it laudation of our New Testament simplicity of church government. May we not get a hint from the multiform and blossoming praises heaped upon this heart-winning man ten years after he has gone to Heaven, what our friends mean who tell us to have a Christo-centric theology. That is not a hard term to understand. The heavenly light which shone in Phillips Brooks' face sheds new light on the plea that Christ be all and in all our theology.

Harvard, Boston, Alexandria, Va., Philadelphia, Unitarian, Orthodox, Quaker, Methodist, Catholic, and even moralists united in admiration for the manly preacher. His illuminated and glorious manhood attracted them toward the Man of Galilee and the Man of Calvary whom he preached. We are Phillips-centric citizens, and patriots who unite in voting, praying, living for the things he loved—and lived for. We are Christo-centric theologians who may not be sure we state theories about Christ as the heavenly teacher will write them in the skies, but make Him the center,

soul, and substance of our teaching, and love Him—His glorious and Divine Person, first, last and all the time. Do you personally love my Savior, my brother? Give me your hand.

Booker T. Washington Patriots.

The great citizen of the South has come and seen and conqueredCalifornia. We have been proud to shake the hand which cleaned the Hampton schoolroom until the Yankee school-marm couldn't find dust enough to mark her handkerchief, and have yielded ourselves to the indomitable spirit which rose up against failing and falling brick-kilns again and again until it could "corner" the brick business in the "black belt" about Tuskegee. We do not know how we should vote in Alabama. They say the Christians and respectable folks there are Democrats. We need not and do not discount our early love for Berea, or our pride in famous Fisk, or our loyalty to our beloved college friend's life-work in Talledega. We mark up our stock in Hampton, and we love with a deeper appreciation our "Aunt Mary Ann" Society, which has made all these glorious schools possible and developed this Moses for his people—this second Washington from Virginia—to teach us what love of country is and make us great in patriotism.

We cannot all be great orators, but we can be great lovers of our country and we can love great ideas. Take this simple little acorn, blown down in a winter night into the hand of an Endeavorer, whose heart the meeting warmed. Put it in a gilded cup of your thought. String it with the ribbon of your imagination. Democrat and Republican, Northerner and Southerner, Alabama man and Californian, we would be proud to sit at Roosevelt's table, or any table, with this black man with a great red heart, who can take in the white man in his uplifting plans as well as his black brethren.

As all good citizens can center their confidence in Citizen Washington, who is making good farmers, good bricklayers and good housekeepers of the boys and girls of Tuskegee. So all of us, all denominations of Christians, all types of sincere theologians can and ought to become Christo-centric in our thought. In Him we live and move and have our being. It's sleepy time as I write these lines of testimony for a splendid white man and glorious black brother. Jesus helps me comprehend and love them. Can it be that eternity is to be spent with such as these? And with Thee, too, Lord? Thou hast answered in Thy prayer, "That where I am there ye may be also." If the King's palace is to be "Christo-centric," it becomes us to shape our thoughts in its Divine proportions.

Christ the Head of the Federation.

Amalgation may well be slow. Union in our generation would be a will o' the wisp to follow. But federation may be rapid. The idea takes easy root in warm California soil. A purpose which can hold independent ministers through two meetings in the sunless, unwarmed chapel of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., is a strong purpose. When it brings these same pastors into a warm and sunny church with the leaders of the Epworth Leagues, the Baptist Unions and C. E. Societies, look out for a moral cyclone. The young people are as ready for it as the pastors. It has given point to the Week of Prayer. It has been in the line of answer to Christ's prayer "that they all may be one." We love the brethren who lead on these federation occasion. They are lovable in very large degree, for they reflect Christ's spirit. But "He is altogether lovely." Therefore, hold Him up as the head of the federation. He will call all men unto Him according to His promise. Many can rally about General Booth, Finney's and Moody's name yet inspire, our Bradford is bright and winsome, Campbell Morgan is coming to Seattle (and we want to meet him), we are willing to be moved by Evangelist Wilbur Chapman, but the Head is Christ. Not Roosevelt, but Christ. No man living or dead, but the crucified, buried, risen Christ. He is the Divine Head of the only federation which will endure. "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SGUDDER.

Lesson 4. **Jan. 25, 1903.**

Paul's Counsel to the Thessalonians I Thess. v:14-28

The lesson in outline. Verses 14-15 contain six ways in which church members can be helpful to each other. Verses 16-22 have seven rules for strengthening Christian character. Verses 23-24, a prayer for their perfection, and verses 25-28, request for prayer and closing salutations.

The Apostle left Thessolonica in haste, and with regret hurried on to Berea and was forced on to Athens. From this place he passed to Corinth, from whence he sent Timothy back to Thessalonica, and when he brought back a good report of the new church Paul immediately wrote this letter. It is, then, the first of all the New Testament books, for the Epistles were written before the Gospels. The date is probably A. D., 52.

1. Christian helpfulness.

By studing these admonitions we obtain a picture of the church at Thessalonica, and find it very much like one of our own churches. But Paul did not despair of the church on account of its imperfection. He gave the much-needed advice to help each other on to better lives, considering that sinners saved by grace, are nevertheless a long way from perfection.

1. Some of those Christians brought disorder into the church by their conduct. The Greek word is used of a soldier who does not keep the line perfectly. It throws the entire line into confusion when one breaks rank. From 2 Thess., 3:11., we may get a hint as to the nature of this disorder. There were some who were idle, and "active about trifles." Possibly this sprang from the received idea that the second advent of Christ was close at hand, and it was unnecessary to labor. This is always productive of disorder, for such persons always have time to be "active about trifles." These confusion producers are to be "admonished," sharply reproved, because it is better to cure the evil with energetic action than to have the whole church thrown into disorder.

2. There were "fainted-hearted" Christians in this church and there are many among us to-day, easily discouraged, who think their Christian life a failure. These are to be encouraged, not neglected, nor criticised. I incline to the opinion, that this is one of the most needed principles in our churches, and its carrying out should be very practical. The church was never meant to be a club for immaculate moralists, but a place for sinners who are saved by our Lord, and helped by each other.

3. There were weak members in that church. Perhaps they had acquired some vicious habits while they were heathen, and, though truly repentant, found that the old sins were strong, and their faith weak. Possibly

they slipped and fell occasionally. But they were not cast out of the church on this account. There were many strong Christians there, and these were to "support" their weaker brethren. When we were boys we used to skate a great deal. Often we would have boys come on the pond who not only knew nothing about skating, but whose ankles were so weak that they seemed utterly unable to hold the boy up. Then a couple of boys would get on each side, and put their strong arms under those of the weak, and literally hold them up until they gained confidence, acquired strength in those wobbly ankles,and in a few days they could stand alone, then take a stroke and finally skate off very well.

4. They had need of patience in that church. Now it might be a question whether or not men were more patient, living in the age of the Apostles when the world moved about a thousand times slower than it does today. But it must be evident that there is a great spirit of impatience in these times. We can't tolerate what does not suit very long. The common expression "It makes me tired," is one symptom of an undercurrent of impatience. It is so much easier to "agree to disagree" and to separate than to bear with one another. There is a good deal of that "Charity which suffereth long" needed among us.

5. The Golden Rule must be practised. Spite always invents some meaner payment for meanness shown. Hate is a coal which holds fire a long time after one supposes it is dead. We know very little as Christians of the evil which might be rendered to us were our family heathens, our friends persecutors, because we had been "converted." But there is much opportunity to practice our rule, because selfishness stalks around on all sides. "Evil for evil to no man." Some writer gives us a sentence worth memorizing: "Evil for evil is beast like, evil for good is devil like; good for good is manlike; good for evil is God like," (Prac. Com.)

6. "Follow after that which is good." Just as we are told they used to do when this country was being settled, and trails led through the forests to places where stores were hid, or treasure carefully stowed. The trails themselves were purposely made unnoticeable, lest keen-eyed Indians should find them. A man had to "follow after" with all his experience, knowledge of signs and skilled vision to obtain those treasures. So should we "follow after that which is good."

Of the seven rules for the Christian's life we can select but two or three. Some were noticed in the last lesson.

1. A trinity of Christian activities.

Rejoicing, praying and thanksgiving. They are like three stems springing from a single root, and while this is only shown attached to the last in this passage it rightly gives substance to them all. "This is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." Life has too many disappointments, and sorrows for us to "rejoice always" unless we can know that it is God's will to work out something good which we cannot now see. Continual prayer, is dependent altogether upon God's disposing will towards us. Finding something to be thankful for in events that seem directly opposed to our hopes and ambitions will come only when we learn that sentence of our Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done."

2. Cultivating spiritual gifts.

1. Cultivating the spirit. The early Christians held to a special reception of the Holy Spirit, and believed their experiences came in a large measure from Him. So Paul urges the cultivation of the spirit, putting his precept in negative form, "quench not," or "grieve not." A party in the woods in Washington were overtaken by storm and darkness, and lost their way. One of the ladies became ill. They had one match among them, and dared not try to start a fire for fear they would lose the light even in so small a thing as a match. But necessity urged their doing something. One groped about and found a comparatively dry piece of wood under a fallen tree. This he whittled until the dryest part was reached, and a few shavings obtained. A few of the dryest twigs were gathered, the most sheltered place found, the match lighted, the shavings kindled. Everything successful till the twigs were placed on the little flame. They were not dry enough! Do their best they could not get a flame. For three hours each member of that party carefully nursed that spark of fire, and when finally their efforts were measurably successful they were fairly worn-out with cold, rain, worry and fatigue. Only a green or damp twig was necessary to "quench" that flame, for three hours.

2. Proving all things.

There must be progress, and progress comes through experiment. The Scripture is not against the most thorough investigation of all that claims to be truth. But it warns against the standard used by which things are sized up, and that makes a world of difference. There is a vast difference in the way that an occulist or an optician furnishes you with glasses. Both go through much the same process of trying the glasses, and getting the sight correct, but one judges by results, and the other goes by causes already discovered by an examination of the interior of the eye. Consequently one tends to ruin eyes,the other to save them. One has a false stand and the other a true. So we have to bring all truth discovered to the great standard given by God for this very purpose. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," by that standard.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. BEN. F. SARGENT.

Topic for January 25, 1903.

Chinese Missions. Acts. 17:24-31.

China is the most populous nation on the globe. According to the Statesman year book, 1898, the population was 383,253,029. It was therefore about five times the population of the United States, and nearly one-fourth of the population of the globe. In other words, if the entire population of the globe should pass before us, every fourth man would be a Chinaman.

Industrial Life.

A native writer thus divides China industrially:

1. The scholar, because the mind is above all and superior to all.

2. The farmer, because the mind cannot be sustained without the body, nor the body without food, which springs from the ground.

3d. The mechanic, for he builds the houses which shelter the body which contains the mind.

4th. The tradesman, because, as society increases, its wants multiply, and the tradesman helps indirectly to supply those wants.

5th. The soldier; this is put at the bottom of the list because he is a non-producer, and destroys, while not building.

The first period of missions in China may be taken from the entrance of the first missionary, Robert Mor-

rison, into China. This was in 1807, when he was sent there by the London Missionary Society. There he spent twenty-seven years, extending the kingdom of the blessed Redeemer. During that period he prepared a dictionary of the language, formed the Anglo-China college at Mallaca, and labored alone on a Chinese version of the holy scriptures. This he was those for whom it was intended. The first conversion spared to see completed and widely circulated among in China was in 1814.

The second period, 1842-1860, has been called the period of "entrance," though still confined to large cities, owing to great opposition. Of this period, Ashmore says, "We were mobbed in the city and in the large towns." "We went out bedewed with the benedictions of our loved ones and came back plastered with mud, gravel and broken bits of pottery. We were covered, metaphorically speaking, with curses and maledictions. We became so accustomed to this that it seemed strange if this were lacking. Yet, we did not leave as they desired. Driven from one place we went to another, thus wearing the opposition out, as an anvil wears out the hammer."

The third period, 1860-1877, is that of "development" and entrance upon new fields. During this time six large provinces were entered, still leaving nine, which were in total darkness, save for the flickering light of Romanism. At the close of this period a convention was held at Shanghai, of the twenty-nine societies laboring in China. This proved very helpful to the work.

During the fourth period, 1877-1890, interchange of hopeful methods, had taken place. Woman's work for the women of China was well begun at this time. The famine of 1878 made an open door for the gospel. One-half million dollars was spent in China's relief. The twenty-nine societies increased to forty-two, and missionaries to 1,206.

The fifth period, 1890-1898, was ushered in with a second conference at Shanghai, which issued a call for one thousand more missionaries, a call answered by 481 men and 672 women. The Christian Endeavor Society was introduced; also the Y. M. C. A. The Christian women of China presented to the Empress Dowager a copy of the Bible most beautifully bound.

Present Force In China.

The present force in China is as follows: Ordained ministers, 526; layman, 516; missionary women, 1,336; physicians: men, 136; women, 56; native workers, 5,071. stations, 463; out stations, 1,969; communicants, 80,-682; day schools, 1,706; pupils, 30,046.

The Forms of Work.

The forms of work consists of chapel workers. Usually a vacant shop is hired on a public street. Commencing to sing, the room is soon filled, some coming and some going, much as in the Salvation Army hall. When enough converts are obtained a simple church is organized with Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor. Itineration is also adopted, the journey being of several weeks' duration. An audience quickly gathers on the street especially on market days.

Medical Missions.

These have proven of a great aid in winning the people to Christ. There are so many diseases which the Chinese doctors cannot cure. The Chinese are always grateful for help. The dispensary and the hospital are both helpful, the latter yielding much larger spiritual results. Famine relief has softened the heart of a part of China toward Christianity. Education has done much and several reform movements betoken the coming of dawn.

Obstacles.

These are many. The opium habit is a confirmed one. Ancestral worship and idolatry are hard to overcome. Foreign influence may delay the day of Christ's coming. Materialism too often takes possession of the soul. Yet, there are signs of the coming of the day. Telegraph, steam and travel, all denote the coming day. The question for every child of God is this, "Shall materialism or Christ rule in China?"

The day of redemption may be delayed, but the child of God has no right to delay, either in going personally or by substitute, to teach those many who are sitting in darkness. Let every Endeavorer pray for this land—our neighbor to the west, that it may speedily to be brouht to accept Christ as the way to truth and the light.

Rev. L. H. Cobb, D.D.

Not all the readers of The Pacific may yet know that Rev. L. H. Cobb, D.D., has resigned as secretary of our Church Building Society. Some time since rheumatic troubles came upon him and the Board gave him leave of absence that sojourn at Clifton Springs and other places might prove helpful, with the hope that with the incoming year he might resume his duties. But though somewhat relieved, his physician would not allow him to take his place again at the office, and so reluctantly the Board accepted his resignation.

Dr. Cobb, a New Englander by birth, spent his early ministry in the same region; then, like many others, journeyed west. As representative of the Home Missionary Society, he labored in Colorado and in Minnesota, being called from the latter to the secretaryship of the Building Society, or American Congregational Union, as it was then called. This was in 1882. At that time the number of contributing churches was 904. For the last three years more than 3,000 have taken part in the work. Then the total receipts were $51,322.28. In 1901 they were $251,668.85. During his term of office the name of the society has been changed, the Stickney legacy of over $200,000 been received, and the parsonage fund established, by which 781 parsonages have been aided in the building. Great credit is due Dr. Cobb for the progress made. With his large-heartedness there has been untiring energy, and his friends take pleasure in extending to him their hearty congratulations upon accomplishing so much for this important branch of the great work. As yet, no successor has been named, but the matter is in the hands of our efficient committee, and ere long we may expect to learn upon whom the honor and responsibility have been bestowed.

To Dr. Cobb, The Pacific extends best wishes, hoping many years of earthly sojourn may yet be granted him, and that they may be as many as possible, begs leave to quietly suggest that he and his family hie themselves to sunny California, where Brother Williams, his former Minnesota co-laborer, with hosts of others, will give him hearty welcome.

The Norwalk "Call" of January 3d, says: "Rev. D. D. Hill, who has so ably filled the pulpit of the Congregational church for the past two years, has resigned on account of having moved to Alhambra and the very poor health of his wife. He preached his farewell sermon last Sunday evening."

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Olivet.—Two persons united with the church on confession at the last communion.

San Lorenzo.—The pastor and his wife were very completely and agreeably surprised on New Year eve by having the larger part of their parishioners call on them in a body. Although the rain was pouring down, the evening was passed pleasantly, watching the old year out and the new year in. The visitors left as a token of their appreciation of past work and well wishes for the new year a purse of $35 in gold.

Oakland, Fourth.—This church held its annual meeting Wednesday of last week. It began work in its new location a few months ago with eighty-one members. Now that the pastor, the Rev. Alfred Bayley, has returned from a two months' vacation in England, which commenced soon after the new building was entered, the work is opening up in such a manner as to give encouragement for the future.

Cloverdale.—The annual meeting of the church was held Tuesday evening, January 6th. The reports of the past year were generally satisfactory and encouraging. The Ladies' Aid claim the past year to be one of the most successful in their history. The report of the church treasurer showed that all obligations of the year had been met and $7 in the treasury. Twelve members were taken into fellowship during the year; also an increase in church attendance has been noted, especially in the number of men. An indefinite call was extended to the pastor, Rev. A. B. Snider, which was both unanimous and hearty. The present year opens with promise.

Grass Valley.—Sunday, January 4th, five united with the church, four by letter and one (a young lady) on confession of faith. How it rejoices our hearts to see the young people taking a stand for Christ! Would there were more. The signs of promise are strong under the wise leadership of our pastor, Rev. F. E. Dell. Recently from Astoria, he brings a rare scholarship, with a young man's enthusiasm for new methods; and, best of all, an earnest, consecrated spirit. Soon after his arrival, he organized a literary society among the Christian Endeavorers of the church, and the interest manifested is a true token of its success. The Christian Endeavor is waking up to fresh life, and has lately welcomed several new members. As the pastor and his wife arrived too late in the season to put up much of our delicious mountain fruit, the parsonage was recently visited by a large number of the church members and others, who left the dining-room table covered with canned fruits, jellies, etc. Mr. Dell, who had been let into the secret, had taken his unsuspecting partner out for a walk, and to say she was surprised on her return would faintly express it. Beginning January 12th we observe the week of prayer, and many hearts are anxiously hoping for spiritual results. Oh, that we might be quickened in the work of the Master.

Etna.—The Congregational church of Etna, Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, pastor, recently celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. Special services were held Sunday and Monday, January 4th and 5th. Of the seven charter members, who organized in the old schoolhouse, twenty-one years ago, with Rev. Mr. Barbour pastor and Rev. Dr. Warren Superintendent, but one, Grandma Fichen, is in Etna today. Mr. and Mrs. Barbour, were the only Congregationalists in the group. The others, representing various denominations from Scotland, Germany and America, united with that polity which is broad enough to receive all, and they have been loyal to it ever since. The church has had its ups and downs, its successes and its struggles. We face the new year, not quite, but nearly free of debt, and with fresh courage and determination to stand for the best in home, community and church. Sunday morning the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed, and the pastor spoke on "What We Most Need Today." In the evening the sister church—M. E.—united with us in a New Year's vesper and anniversary service. Monday night the meeting was well attended and greetings were read from former members and pastors and others prominent in our work in the State. The reports showed each department of the work in good condition, the Ladies' Aid having done especially well in reseating the church and repairing the parsonage. During the year the pastor, in fulfilling his appointments, has ridden, driven and swam between 1,500 and 2,000 miles in Scott Valley, has made over 550 calls, preached 156 times, officiated at 6 weddings and 9 funerals, and baptized 6 persons. The present pastor has been with the church two years now, and a year ago was given a permanent call to Scott Valley. In his report the pastor also said: "Five times received I rebukes; in waitings often; in uncertainties often; in perils of winter's floods and summer's heat. Thrice have I been beaten with the rod of censure. Once have I been frozen with the stony glare of unrecognition; a score of times have I been stoned with impious questionings. Times innumerable have I been warmed and comforted by your expressions of confidence and appreciation. Many times have I been upheld and inspired by your earnest co-operation and loyal help."

Southern California.

Bloomington.—The week of prayer has been a grand week for Bloomington. Immediate result, a full church and four received into fellowship. One of these four was a fine old gentleman of seventy-three entering on confession of faith. The annual meeting was well attended and developed; no debts. Pastor's report for field showed 4,730 miles traveled on wheel and 786 calls made; 132 sermons preached and 88 prayer-meetings attended and but two funerals.

Avalon.—On the first Sunday of the new year, at an impressive communion service, we had the privilege of baptizing and welcoming to church membership a young couple whom the pastor married a short time ago. They had been received for membership at the watch-meeting, New Year's eve. The floors of the parsonage have recently been undergoing treatment indicative of a purpose to do away with carpets. Accordingly, on Christmas eve, the ladies of the Avalon Woman's Club assembled at the parsonage and presented the pastor's mother, Mrs. M. W. Williams (who has been much interested in the club work since its inception) with the equivalent of a handsome Navajo rug. On New Year's day the "citizens" of Avalon, at the hands of Mr. Ed Stanton, the Island superintendent, presented the pastor with a purse of $175, thus evidencing a community interest and appreciation that is gratifying beyond expression.

East Los Angeles.—The annual meeting of the East Los Angeles Congregational church was held on the evening of the 7th inst., preceded by a chicken supper at 6:30, in charge of the Woman's Work Society. Af-

ter a social hour the business was transacted, written reports from every officer being already in the hands of the clerk, Miss Agnes Jacobus. The treasurer's report showed a shortage of $205, but the amount is fully covered by subscriptions that are perfectly good though delinquent; otherwise there is no indebtedness, although there have been extra expenses during the year in addition to a raise of $300 in the pastor's salary, and a $2,000 collection for Pomona College. The Sunday-school reports a membership of 237 and the collections for the year amounted to $236. The Young People's Society has a membership of 64 and is in a prosperous condition. The Woman's Work Society, under the efficient leadership of Mrs. J. M. Armstrong, had done a good work. At the beginning of the year the society was divided into three departments—home, foreign and local charities. In order to increase the interest in the society and its work a series of literary exercises, consisting of papers, readings and reminiscences, were planned on the general topic of the "Rise and Growth of Congregationalism," including essays on its great leaders, its missionary work and the development of its doctrine. This work was under the charge of the pastor's wife, Mrs. C. P. Dorland. Its report of the aid rendered the church, its local charity work and its financial record, were all very satisfactory. The church visitor, Mrs. Newman Emmerson, reported 75 calls made during December and pointed out the opportunities for service in our parish. At this meeting three deaconesses were appointed for the year, to wit: Mrs. S. E. Jacobus, Mrs. Geo. E. Adams and Mrs. E. Newman Emmerson. Rev. C. P. Dorland, our pastor, is now in his sixth year in this church, and the numbers, efficiency and spiritual life of our church is on the increase. During the last year there have been received into the church 46 members, 23 on confession of faith and a like number by letter; there have been 9 removals, leaving a net gain of 37, and the total membership is now 300, even; the ordinance of baptism has been administered to 10 infants. The work of the new year opens auspiciously.

Nevada.

Reno.—With the return of the pastor from his holiday vacation, the Lord's Supper and reception of members, the initial Sunday of the year, was pleasant and encouraging. At the annual meeting lately held, reports from all departments of the work show the church to be in a prosperous condition. Ten members were received during the year; during the present pastorate thirty-one. About $1,900 were collected and used in some form of the church work and subscriptions for the fund to be used in payment of the church debt have passed the $1,600 mark.

Oregon.

Ashland.—On Sunday, January 4th, seven persons—four male and three female—were welcomed into the fellowship of our church here. Recently, by a unanimous vote, Rev. G. W. Nelson asked to serve the church as pastor for the fourth year. The church is harmonious, hopeful and aggressive.

Washington.

Sprague.—The annual business meeting of the church was held the first Monday evening of the month, and the reports showed the church to be in the best condition, both financially and spiritually, since its organization. An indefinite call was unanimously extended to Rev. G. H. Wilbur, who has been pastor of the church for the last eight months. Two members united with the church on the first Sunday of the new year. The congregations are good, and an evidence of spiritual growth is seen. The parsonage is receiving a new coat of paint and everything looks favorable for a spiritual harvest.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

Confinement at home by illness for two or more weeks does not add to ones opportunities for gathering up the current news of our churches and of the progress of the kingdom, and is as likely to obliterate from memory some occurrences that were well worthy of record. The new church at Machias, in Snohomish county, the first of any denomination in the town, was dedicated late in December, and the services were attended by a great throng of people from all the region about. It is a very neat and commodious building, costing, with furnishings, $1,400. A few hundred dollars only were necessary to be raised and before the middle of the following week the last dollar was paid for both labor and material entering into the make-up of the edifice.

Superintendent Scudder preached the sermon in the morning. Rev. C. L. Mears of Snohomish the afternoon discourse, and in the evening Rev. C. W. Bushnell of Granite Falls preached. During the afternoon service seven persons were received into membership and three children were baptized. Rev. Samuel Greene officiated at the communion service. Rev. R. H. Parker is the pastor of this church, and the erection of this building under such economical conditions is largely due to his untiring industry and efficiency.

Our Sonhomish church observed on Thursday, January 8th, its thirteenth anniversary in connection with its annual meeting. Superintendent Scudder was present and gave an address. This church has been greatly blessed under the ministry of Rev. C. L. Mears, its beloved pastor.

Since the farewell of Rev. R. K. Ham, the church at Whatcom has had no service for public worship other than the Sunday School and Endeavor Society. They are looking for a pastor, but are not candidating.

Plymouth Church, Seattle, at its communion service January 4th, received thirty-five into fellowship, coming from twelve States and from five or more denominations.

The Edgewater Church of this city rejoices in the coming to them of their new pastor, Rev. Harry E. Mills, late of Fort Scott, Kansas. He was given a most hearty reception by his new people and a few neighboring pastors on the evening of the 9th inst.

Taylor Church held its annual meeting on the 8th inst. with a small increase in its membership, having raised more money during the year for current expenses than in any previous year of its history. It has been self-supporting for two years and makes an advance of one hundred dollars on the salary of the pastor Rev. Lambert L. Woods. Our new church on Queen Anne Hill takes the name of the Union Congregational Church and begins the year with a membership of forty-nine. It gives promise of becoming one of the strong churches of Seattle. It has been under the charge of Rev. J. T. Nichols, Superintendent of the Seattle Church Extension Society to whose services it feels greatly indebted. It is now ready for a pastor, and is planning to build in the early spring.

Most of the readers of The Pacific have already learned that the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress will be held in Seattle on May 8th to 17th. Rev.

G. Campbell Morgan will be with us during that time.

The general committee are holding weekly sessions in preparation for the meeting. The program, finance transportation and entertainment are sub-committees and propose to arrange for a large attendance from all over the Coast.

There will also be a fair delegation of representative men from the Atlantic Coast and the interior bringing to us the fellowship from East of the Rockies. Not a pastor on this Coast should fail to begin to plan now for the Congress, nor should one of our Churches fail to send its lay delegate.

Seattle, January 10th.

Oregon Letter.

On Dec. 31st, Prof. W. N. Ferrin, dean and acting president of Pacific University, returned from his eastern trip. While absent he called upon a number of persons especially interested in Pacific university, among them Dr. D. K. Pearsons. The doctor is in poor health and contemplates a trip to Cuba. He has in mind a number of donations to institutions he has already aided, but will not make public his plans until after his return. He contemplates a trip to the Pacific Coast next summer, if his life is spared, when it is probable he will visit Forest Grove. The change from the storms and blizzards of the middle west to the emerald fields of Oregon, Prof. Ferrin found particularly gratifying. So far this winter, in this part of western Oregon, the thermometer has marked two degrees below freezing point, and that for three mornings only.

During the past week Rev. Edward Curran conducted special meetings every night at the Hillside church, with growing interest as the meetings were continued.

The Week of Prayer was observed in the First church of this city, Dr. House preaching excellent discourses every night except Friday. That evening the meeting was thrown open, after brief introductory remarks, for the giving of testimony concerning the verities of the Christian life. This series of meetings were peculiarly helpful and were well attended.

The strong personality of Dr. House is being felt more and more in every department of the Christian work of this church; and it is with a great deal of satisfaction that the statement can be made that the members of the church generally show a disposition to respond to his requests. He is always reasonable and makes no requests in any direction save those which, if responded to, tend to the spiritual uplift of all concerned, and thus is not only helpful to all the members, but of special value in the influence of the church upon the constantly increasing number of persons who as yet have not publicly confessed Christ. He is showing himself to be an evangelical preacher of a most faithful type, with Christ as the keynote of every sermon and every talk. Dr. House's sermon today on "What it Means to Be a Christian," was one of the best, if not the best, he has preached since he began his pastorate, and it made a deep impression upon the large audience present.

Rev. George A. Taggart, who resigned from the Mississippi Avenue church several months ago, has accepted a call to the church at Rainier, and began his labors there last Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Oregon City church held its annual meeting on the 7th inst., and after its routine business was transacted, the Society was entertained by the wife of the pastor. The Society has had a successful year and begins the new year with ten new members. More aggressive work in all places where work is needed is being planned. The opportunities abound for an increase of effort along all lines of church activity.

The annual business meeting of the church was held on Dec. 30th, 1902. Fourteen reports from as many departments were received. Over $600 was raised for the settling of the church debt. And now, after all obligations of every nature have been discharged, there remains a balance to the credit of the new year of $150. The membership has materially increased during the year, and the outlook is hopeful in all directions. Pastor Bollinger will soon enter upon his fifth year of service. Harmony pervades all branches of the church work.

The annual meeting of Riverside church, Hood River, was held on the 7th inst. Five departments of the church were reported by Pastor Hershner, showing a balance of $150 in the treasuries. The Ladies' Aid Society has a balance of $126.30 alone. At the annual dinner seventy persons were present to partake of the bounteous repast provided by the ladies. The relations of pastor and people are most delightful.

Portland, Jan. 11, 1903.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. C. W. Merrill has resigned at Oroville.

Rev. C. E. Chase has resigned as pastor at Reno, Nevada, the resignation to take effect the 1st of March.

Rev. Clarence T. Brown, of Salt Lake City, has been called to the pastorate of the First church of San Diego.

The Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Aintab, Turkey, gave missionary addresses at San Mateo and Redwood last Sunday.

Rev. C. R. Brown, having been asked to continue his lectures at Stanford University, began another course there last Monday.

For twenty years the Rev. W. H. Cross has been pastor at Saratoga, and has done an excellent work all those years. He resigned recently and will take work elsewhere.

Rev. C. W. Hoag, who came recently in Congregational ranks from the Methodist church, South, has been called to the pastorate of Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland.

The First church of Oakland continues for one year longer the aid given by it to the Oak Chapel work, when that church was a branch of the First. This amounts to $400 for the year 1903.

The old pipe organ of the First church of Oakland was sold for $850 and the money was given to the Fourth church, to be applied on the $2,000 which was promised it by the Church Extension Society.

Rev. J. W. Phillips has resigned as pastor of the Second church, Oakland, and will accept a desirable business position. Mr. Phillips has done an excellent work in that field, leaving it in a far better condition than it had been for many years.

Our Boys and Girls.

Something About Shoe Leather.

"To him that wears shoes," says the homely Arabian proverb, "the whole earth is covered with leather." The convenience and protection of our foot-gear are so much a matter of course to us that we do not always realize what a skilful bit of civilization a shoe is—how strong, how flexible, how artfully cut and shaped, how perfectly put together. And before the shaping and sewing, we do not know how much time and thought and invention have gone into the mere material of which one pair of shoes is made, and how marvellous it is that so polished, so flexible, so waterproof, so durable a thing as leather can be evolved out of the rough hairy skin of a cow or goat.

It is not at all a simple process, this making of leather. For the best shoes, the skin goes through one hundred and forty different "handlings" before it is turned out as a finished product. Of course, only a general outline of how shoe leather is made can be given in this short article, for the skin takes six weeks to convert into leather, and the chronicle of each step of each of the thirty-six working days would fill pages instead of columns. To begin with, there are the skins, which come from all over the world, and whose varied history can only be hinted at. In the basement of a morocco factory the great bales, with their peculiar pungent odor, lie heaped by the hundred. They come from Greece, from China, from Persia, from Mexico, from Brazil and Zanzibar, from France and Arabia, from Assyria and Cape Colony, from Egypt, Thibet, India, Bulgaria, Algiers, Servia and Afghanistan, and bear curious marks in strange languages upon them. Forty thousand goat skins a day is the record of one factory in Philadelphia alone; and that means (since the process takes six weeks) that there are in that factory, at any given moment, a million and half of skins undergoing their transformation into fine-grained, polished leather.

But what an experience the poor goat-skins go through! First, being dry and stiff, with pieces of flesh adhering on the inside and covered, of course, with coarse, thick hair, they have to be softened and "unhaired." Into the great "soak-tubs" they go at once, where a huge corrugated arm beats and manipulates them under water until they are as pliable as when they were on their living owners' backs; then they are fished out and dropped into the long series of lime-vats, where they stay two weeks at least.

The lime eats out the animal matter, and loosens the hair. Now it is time to bring into play a workman with a long, double-edged knife. The dull edge takes off the hair, which goes to the upholsterer and plasterer, and the sharp edge trims off the waste parts—the shank, the neck, etc., which go to the glue factory. Nothing, you see, is wasted in making leather. And, next, when the lime has been washed out of the skin, and every remaining shred of flesh has been scraped off with the nicest care, our goat-skins are ready for tanning.

Tanning, by the way, is very different from what it used to be. No more leaching of bark, and great uncertainty as to the strength of the mixture—no more bark at all, indeed. A new, short, sure, chemical process has taken the place of all this. It is a secret process, so that no one but the manufacturers know what really happens to the skins. This much we can see, that the skin is first a bright green, and, after the next vat, a bright yellow; and that it is now leather, and not skin—that is, the tanning has given it a consistency and a power of resisting dampness and decay that it would not have in its natural state. The old tanning process used to take several weeks; this new one takes only hours instead.

Next the tanning liquid is pressed or "struck" out of the skins, and then they are put into a queer big revolving box, called a "drum," filled with oil and stain of the desired color. In this box the close-packed skins turn and turn steadily until the oil and the color are thoroughly absorbed. This is only the first step, though, for another oiling, and two visits to special coloring departments are still necessary. Then comes the drying-room—hardly a place for the visitor to linger, since its temperature is kept at 120 degrees, which is all very well for the skins, hung over poles up and down its length, but is not wholesome for human beings. "Is that not enough?" the young reader asks. Enough?? No, indeed, it is only the beginning. Now come the elaborate finishing processes. The skin is dampened again, and "knee-staked"—a peculiar method of "taking out the stretch" which the leather may have left in it. In this room the men work with one leg bare, pressing the knee against the leather, and bringing it quickly down a stout stake in front of them. It looks extremely uncomfortable, but no machine, apparently, can be found to do it as well, so it is a part of the process in every factory. Now the skins are scraped with infinite care for the last time, and "seasoning" is put in to close the pores and make the leather ready for "glazing" or polishing.

"Glazing" takes its name from the glass roller set in sort of flying arm, that plies over the leather with the rapidity of lightning, as it goes through the glazing machine. Wherever it touches the skin, a track of brightness seems to follow it, and it is a very pretty sight to see the dull surface change to a surprising polish under its manipulations. Back and forth between seasoning and glazing rooms goes the leather. The oftener it goes, the better shoe it will make; the more durable the more waterproof and the more handsome, and, incidentally, the more expensive. In a morocco factory, indeed, one learns why some shoes are cheap, and why a good shoe costs—and lasts.

With the final glazing, the leather is ready to be measured. It goes to a wonderful machine, like a large table with dozens of little fingers hanging down over it and tap, tap, tapping at the skin as it passes under them. As these marvellous little fingers touch the skin, they somehow record, on a scale above, the number of square feet and inches that it contains, and, unlike human fingers, they never make a mistake. The measuring of skins used to be one of the most intricate and troublesome parts of the business; but now one or two machines do it all for each factory, and mental arithmetic is at a discount.

And now our shoe-leather is finished, and goes into the salesroom. Buyers from Europe and Australia come to the American factories, for our shoe-leather is famous, all over the world. And so, perhaps, some of it may go back where it came from. But what memories of invention, of patience, of perfected skill, each bit of goatskin carries with it! And how foolish the mind that looks on shoe-leather as a matter of course! The visitor who has seen a morocco factory knows better, and feels a new respect for the glossy perfection of a pair of shoes.—William Rittenhouse in The Churchman.

Some Church Steeples.

What more befitting finish for the church could be found than the steeple, adding dignity, grace and beauty to the structure; reaching and pointing heavenward in its impassive and enduring nobleness? As an eloquent writer has said: "It may be regarded as an emblem of religious hope, ascending from amidst the gloom of earth-born cares—and bearing with, up to brighter realms and better worlds, the warmest aspiration of the troubled heart."

Although many of our churches in this country can boast of beautiful spires and steeples, it is of the English steeples and towers of which I wish to speak; for it is in England we find some of the very oldest, strangest, most curious and imposing ones upon whose ivy-clad walls, and turret-tops, are written the storms of bygone days.

There is no doubt that in the beginning the church steeple was built for usefulness. In the English parishes many of

the inhabitants lived far from the church, and the church bell had to be hung high in order for the sound to reach them. A bell hung at a considerable elevation can be heard much farther than when low. If any one doubts the fact, let him visit Southburg, a place in Norfolk, where two bells are hung in the shed of a church, and which can only be heard a short distance away. In England both the square and round tower are seen.

In the counties of Norfolk and Sussex are many of the round towers. Indeed, in Norfolk there are upwards of a hundred of this variety. These round towers are very strong.

At Eccles, a parish on the coast of Norfolk, a church and tower were for many years almost buried by the sand which had collected at the foot of the cliffs, or Marram-hills. About thirty years ago a violent storm washed away the sand from the ruins, and now, at low tide, the church stands out clearly on the beach between the hills and the sea. While the walls of the church are nearly all gone, the round tower remains intact, defying the dash of the waves.

In speaking of the use of the church steeple, I must add that it is supposed it had another use, beside being a home for the bell. When the church happened to be near the coast, the towers were used for beacon lights; this was before lighthouses were introduced. At Happisburg in Norfolk, a lofty spire, which stands near the surging waves, has its steps very much worn by traffic to its summit, which no doubt at one time held a beacon light.

A church tower in our own country was once used for a beacon light, and made famous by Paul Revere's ride.

In some places of England are found leaning towers and crooked spires. It is not positively known what has made them so—but no doubt in the case of the towers the foundations were at fault; and as the spires are wood, covered with some metal; it may be the warping of the wood is responsible for their being out of the perpendicular.

There is the tower of Weston church in Lincolnshire, which leans perceptibly to the west, and has for many years.

Another remarkable tower is that of St. James church at Bury St. Edmunds. It originally served for another church—that church having been destroyed. As the tower was left standing, and was a very fine one, the present church was built on to it. It is eighty-six feet in height and thirty-six feet square, and the walls are almost six feet in thickness. It is said to be the finest specimen of its kind in Europe.

There is much that is imposing and beautiful in these church towers; many of whose tall forms throw a shadow across a nearby God's acre; and through whose belfry sound the bells over hill and dale, which have rung, for generation after generation, the merry wedding chimes, the funeral knell, or evening curfew.—By Frances Lloyd Jones, in the Churchman.

Boys and Girls in India.

I have just come out of a little prayer meeting that I must tell you children about. It was among our orphan boys. Fifty of them were present. How I wish you could have heard them sing "Ji Probo Esu"—Victory King Jesus—and "Jesus Saves Me," etc. Then we had prayer, a number of the boys leading voluntarily. If you could have heard their confession of sin and pleading for forgiveness and then prayers for their own heathen people, I am sure your heart would have been touched. Who are these boys? They are those who a year ago and some not six months ago only came to us so starved and sick we could hardly recognize some of them to be human beings. Boys who a year ago had never heard of Jesus, had never seen a book, who knew nothing but to worship idols.

How changed now. Some were so wretched that when they came to us I could hardly bear to look at their poor, suffering bodies. I used often to work with them when I had to almost shut my eyes while I did it. Now they are so nice and fat and their faces so bright, and above all they are learning to know Jesus. Our hearts are glad when we think of what the Lord has done for us in this work.

One of them, a boy about 14, belong to a caste that make their living beating a queer drum, playing on cymbals and dancing to please people. He lost his trade when the famine came and came near dying. Now he leads the singing and was one of the first to pray tonight, and I felt my faith claim him this evening as one who should preach the Gospel to his own people. Will you children not pray with us for these boys and then you will rejoice with us when you meet them in heaven?

Calcutta, India. *Ada Lee.*

The Master of Sunnyside.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, in 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary War, and was named for the man who stood at that time at the head of our nation.

A pretty story is told of a Scotch maid in the Irving family, who, determined that the great man should see his little namesake, followed General Washington into a store one day, saying: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you."

The President put his hand on the little fellow's head, never thinking that this boy, seventy years afterward, would write a "Life of Washington."

During Irving's boyhood days his health was very poor, and at twenty-one he went to Europe. The sea air proved a skillful physician, and after two years' rambling through the Old World he returned to New York in excellent health, thus contradicting the prophecy of the captain with whom he had first sailed, who had said: "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across."

Now he studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but while waiting for clients he turned his attention to literature. His first book, written under the pseudonym of Diedrich Knickerbocker, was a "History of New York," full of quaint humor and gay sayings. This attracted much attention from the reading public.

In 1817 he went abroad again, and, stopping at Abbotsford, he sent in a letter of introduction to Sir Walter Scott. The fine old gentleman came hobbling out to the gate, and, taking him by the hand, made him feel as if they were old friends. He stayed two days with the great novelist. "It is a perfect picture," he wrote, "to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening—the dogs stretched before the fire, the cat perched on a chair, Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott either reading or telling stories."

The first volume of "The Sketch Book," which contains the popular Rip Van Winkle story, appeared in 1819, and made the author famous. Then came "Tales of a Traveller," the "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada" and the "Alhambra."

When Irving returned to America, after an absence of seventeen years, he was overwhelmed with attentions by his proud countrymen and a public dinner was given in his honor. He purchased a cottage with fifteen acres of ground at Tarrytown on the Hudson, and to this cozy home, which he named "Sunnyside," he took his two brothers and five nieces. This was his principle home during the later years of his life, his chief work being the writing of his "Life of Washington," the fifth and last volume was published a few months before his death.

When this volume was finished he said to his nephew: "I am getting ready to go. I am shutting up my doors and windows." He died on November 28, 1859, and was buried in the little cemetery at "Sleepy Hollow," near Tarrytown, while the bells of his native city tolled for her honored dead.

The pretty cottage, now overgrown with ivy from Abbotsford, stands looking out upon the Hudson, reminding the thousands who visit it of the kindly and generous man who lived there, and who used to say to his friends: "Come to Sunnyside, and I will give you a tree and a book."—Evalena I. Fryer in The Churchman.

Spiritual Life.

"And Yet Hast Thou Not Known Me?"

(John xiv: 9.)

Oh, the sad pathos in the Master's tone!
"So long with you! yet me thou hast not known?"

Ah, Philip, could *we* but have walked
Close by his side, as tenderly he talked;
Or seen the majesty that trod the wave,
And spoke to life the sleeper in the grave,
His wondrous nature we had *surely* known,
And through the veil had seen the *King*, the *Throne*.

Oh, boastful self; cast back thy glance and see,
The light that streameth down the years to thee;
The finished work, the empty tomb, the risen Lord;
The outpoured spirit and the written word.

Earth's grandest souls we know not till they're gone;
We read not rightly our best loved, our own;
We crave thy pity, Lord, for our dull minds and slow;
Grant us long, *long* with Thee, where we shall *fully* know. —A. B. Giddings.

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Faith That Brings Joy.

It is the function and the privilege of a Christian faith to "scatter sunshine." Good cheer ought to smile wherever God's saints pass by. Life takes on a new aspect when the sun returns from his winter exile. Travelers in the far North tell us that the greatest peril with which Arctic explorers have to contend is the despondency that oppresses them in the absence of light. One needs but to pick up the most finished literature of unbelief, past or present, to see that without Christ life is but a sunless world. The Greek drama, the Roman lyric, the Persian quatrain, have all one spirit: gloomy, desponding, hopeless, because there is no light. When the truth as it is in Jesus is lived by men, life is no longer a dripping cave, but a glorious cathedral, lit by jeweled windows, whose lofty arches resound with "Te Deums." Light is the power that evokes beauty from the dullest earth. Where the rays are feeble, slant, and uncertain, as in Labrador, the flora is pale and evanescent; but as one passes southward every violet, rose, and lily takes on a perfection of color not known to the pale regions of the North. So where the light of Christian living shines, every human relation clothes itself with a divine charm. Home life, domestic service, national ambitions, all receive a touch that transforms them into iridescent splendor. Such is the privilege of the saint. If the light that is in Christ's followers be darkness, God pity the world deprived of assurance, joy and grace!—The Interior.

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Christian Duty.

Our attention is often called to the phrase "Christian duty," and more often are evidences of some one's "Christian duty" forced upon us.

Meeting it so often, we begin to wonder what it really means. Is it a stereotyped title indicating some painful duty under the cloak of Christianity, or has it some real significance of its own?

It is the Christian duty with which we are concerned—whether it be painful or not; whether it be kind or not.

Before discharging a duty which we name as one of the Christian acts, we should look well into our hearts to discern the motive producing this impulse. We should decide conscientiously whether we have entirely eliminated ourselves from the issue except in so far as we may be of benefit to others; look well to this. Indeed, we cannot be too careful, and it is through intense feeling on this point that I am impelled to speak. We may deceive ourselves very easily when we imagine we have some "Christian duty" to perform. There may be a duty, and it may be well to discharge it, but we must be sure to ask ourselves what benefit is going to be derived and why should we be the ones to do it?

If we answer these questions fairly and squarely there will be few mistakes made —mistakes which not only react on the one who makes them, but upon the causes represented and upon the object of this duty.

The truth of these statements does not need demonstration. We can all recall illustrations of Christian duty either real or false. What we need is to look to ourselves, and if such a duty comes to us, we must not shirk it, but be morally certain that we are really discharging it in a Christian way.

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Christ's Unique Love as a Leader.

"How unique was Christ's love as leader and hero. In military affairs the rule is that the general must not expose himself. Always the commanding officer must stand apart on some safe point. He controls the army from the vantage ground of security. From time to time his aids descend to the battlefield with his instructions. The under-officers march at the head of the troops, not the leader. In going over the battlefields the sight-seer is always shown the point of safety from which the commander surveyed the battle scene below. Even in the olden days, when a chieftain received messages bidding him surrender, he told one of his soldiers to jump over a precipice and another to plunge a dagger into his heart, then when both had instantly obeyed, with proud disdain the chief told the messenger that every man in his army would gladly die for him. But if the soldiers died, the chieftain returned in safety to his tent. This method of sacrificing the follower has been the method of every leader from Alexander to Garibaldi. What if the chieftain had jumped over the precipice? What if the commander should seek out the thickest of the fight? Christ is the one leader who always reserved the most dangerous spot for Himself. He never sent another; he rather exposed Himself to the full fury of the storm. Instead of sending others down, he went Himself. He bore the followers' dangers, endured their temptations, healed their sicknesses, carried their sorrows. He gave Himself for them. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—N. D. Hillis.

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The Power of a Kind Word.

A kind word may be said about almost anybody, and it is often an inspiration. It is better then to speak of the good rather than the bad in people. In the second place, we help our brethren and sisters by speaking kindly of them. Kind words never leave any stings behind them, but on the other hand they encourage and awaken gratitude and pleasurable emotions. It is therefore a great deal better to encourage than to disparage, to inspire than to oppress, to leave pleasant memories instead of bitter recriminations. For these reasons we make it a rule to say something good about the people whom we have occasion to mention in these columns. We can do it truthfully, and it gives us pleasure to practice it. Would that we were persistently quick always to see the good and speak of it rather than to hunt for the bad and magnify it.

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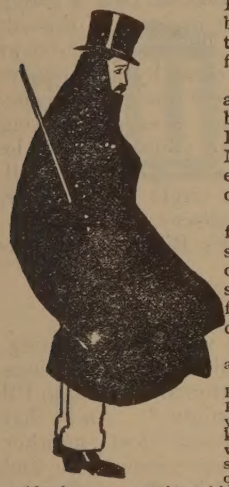
Our Answer to God's Calls.

God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. If it can be glad and willing and loving obedience, happy are we; but, in any case, whether we ourselves get enjoyment and blessing from the task or not, the call must be obeyed. The will of God must be done for the sake of God, not for the sake of ourselves. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition. We can at least obey. Ideal obedience includes the whole will and the whole heart. We cannot begin with that. But we can begin with what we have. God calls. It is better to obey blunderingly than not to obey at all.—George Hodges, D.D.

CHILL WINDS

Are the dread of those whose lungs are "weak." Some fortunate people can follow the summer as it goes southward, and escape the cold blasts of winter and the chill airs of spring. But for the majority of people this is impossible. Family cares and business obligations hold them fast.



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Guard Your Own Door.

There is one sort of a drinking house that no State enactment can touch and that is a private house with a decanter in its cupboard. Good friends, guard your own doors with teetotalism! A foolish rich man, who died lately, disinherited his drunken son. In that same will he bequeathed his "wine cellar" to certain heirs. That father most insanely tempted his own son to drink, and then on his dying bed gave the boy a last kick into open disgrace! The most effectual of all home protection is to guard our own home. From such temperance homes will come the power to close up the public drinking dens.—Cuyler.

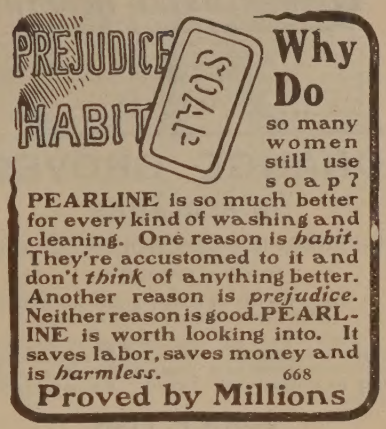
He who is most valuable to his employer is the first to be promoted and the last to lose his place.

Heavenly Reminiscences.

I want to hear some of the Bible passages read in heaven after we have gathered up our dead children,I want to hear these passages read, and want to point them out, the passages that comforted us on the day of interment. When we meet our friends in heaven we will want to talk over the trials of this life, and say, "Those were the promises that cheered us." I want to hear David with his own voice read, "The Lord is my Shepherd." I want in heaven to hear Paul read,"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's Grand March of the Resurrection with the same trumpet with which he woke the dead. Oh, blessed Book! Good enough for earth, good enough for heaven. When I have no griefs to be solaced, when I have no sins to be pardoned, when I have no hope of heaven to be enkindled—that will be the day, and that the hour, and that the minute, I will give up the Bible. Book of life, Book of comfort, Book of God, Book bespattered with the blood of the martyrs who died in its defense. Book sprinkled with the tears of a Christian ministry who were comforted by its promises. Dear old Book!

The Needless Hurts.

A thoughtful writer says: "Taking life through and through, the larger part of the sadness and heartache it has known has not come through its great sorrows, but through little, needless hurts and unkindnesses; not so much through the orderings of Providence, as through the misorderings of humanity Look back, and you can readily count up the great griefs and bereavements that have rent your heart and changed your life. You know what weary months they darkened. There was a certain sacredness and dignity, like the dignity of a lonely mountain-top, in their very greatness; and looking back, if not at the time, you can often understand their purpose. But, O, the days that are spoiled by smaller hurts, spoiled because somebody has a foolish spite, a wicked mood, an unreasonable prejudice that must be gratified and have its way, no matter whose rights, plans, or hearts are hurt by it! There are so many hard places along the road for most of us, made hard needlessly by human selfishness, human neglect, human obstinacy, that the longing to be kind with a tender, thoughtful Christlike kindness grows stronger in me each day I live."—The Standard.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Don't.

Don't worry because God made you different from others. Don't worry because you don't have he faith of that man, or the praying qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a carnelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a aponica to fret all the color out of its cheek because it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.

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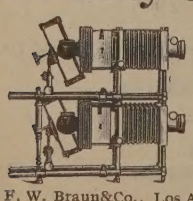
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Divided.

Now that North and South have joined hands again such stories as this from "Leslie's Monthly" seem more like fiction than sad and solid fact, as they are:

One afternoon in 1862 a group of citizens sat in front of the village grocery discussing the war news, which came by newspapers from the North and by "grapevine" from the South. Among them were two young men, to be known herein as Joe and Bill. Next day the circle was smaller, for Bill was absent.

"Joe, where's Bill?" a companion asked.

"Gone."

"Which army?"

"Northern; went this morning. Bill and I couldn't jest see things alike," he continued. "Reckon I'll go South tonight." And that night the group lost another member. These young men had been sheltered by the same roof, caressed by the same loving hands, had knelt beside the same mother—they were brothers.

Justice.

Justice walks, we say, with a halting foot. But never a day will pass but you may see her overtake some one. Though we may fancy at times that sins are going unpunished, we may see at all times punishment actually alighting. The long iniquity is constantly being exposed; the bad habits, formed in slothful self-indulgence, at length recoil. * * * As surely as the planets move in their orbits, as surely as the seasons succeed one another, as surely as the harvest comes from the sowing, the works and ways of men will come to their account. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."—R. F. Horton.

On a signboard in front of a dye shop in Chillicothe, Ill., is the inscription, "Satin dyed here." A small boy who saw it for the first time went home and joyfully told his mother that the devil was dead.

There's Many a Slip on icy roads and sidewalks in the winter. Sprains and bruises follow. That is when Perry Davis' Painkiller vindicates its right to the confidence it has retained for sixty years.